

RATES FOR WANT ADS.

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 Per line, one insertion ... 15c
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 Per line, one week ... 50c
 Per line, two weeks ... 75c
 Per line, one month ... 1.00

This is the cheapest advertising ever
 offered the people of Honolulu.

EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

The constant drop of water
 Wears away the hardest stone;
 The constant gnaw of Tower
 Masticates the toughest bone.
 The constant, cooling lover
 Carries off the blushing maid,
 And the Constant Advertiser
 Is the one
 who gets
 the trade!

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Situation by practical white cook; highest references from Washington, D. C.; 3 years in Honolulu; chef H. M. Queen Liliuokalani; private family preferred; no objection to wages or side work. Alfred, Bulletin.
 2891-1w

Expert accountant, with several years each day at his disposal, would like to take charge of one or more small sets of books, at reasonable charge. Address X, this office.
 2841-4f

By young man as coachman or driver of delivery wagon; well acquainted with the city. Address P, Bulletin.
 2890-1w

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE.

Have 5 Houses for sale at Palama: \$50 cash; balance WITHOUT INTEREST at \$10.00 per month.

P. E. R. STRAUCH,
 No. 74 S. KING ST. TEL. MAIN 386.

WANTED

A competent solicitor, lady or gentleman; salary or commission; good pay to the right person. Address H, this office.
 2893-1w

TO LET.

Store on Alakea St. between Merchant and King. Apply J. W. Podmore, King and Bethel Sts.
 2797-4f

Furnished rooms at 1223 Emma Street. Mrs. McConnell.
 2563

HELP WANTED.

150 citizen laborers for road work; 4 months' steady employment; sleeping quarters furnished; laborers must supply their own bedding; credit will be allowed at camp store for provisions. Apply at the Keane Camp, Maui. WILSON & DUGGAN, Contractors.
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TO LET.

Furnished Rooms—Housekeeping allowed; cool and mosquito-proof. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King.
 2265-4f

2 modern 7-room houses on Kinohi St., mosquito proof, electric lights, servants' quarters. Phone 1961 Blue.
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1-room cottage, sanitary plumbing, on River St. Apply J. W. Podmore, King and Bethel.
 2792-4f

Cottage, seven rooms; 1375 Fort St. near Vineyard; modern improvements; rent \$25.
 2887-1w

Newly furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. At No. 84 Vineyard St.
 2728-4f

FOR SALE.

One corner lot in Makiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahou College. Address R. F., this office.
 2516-4f

Blank books of all sorts, ledgers, etc., manufactured by the Bulletin Publishing Company.

SHORT STORY FOR EVENING HOURS

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF HARTINGTON

Colin Hartington came back to England to find himself famous.

He had left home four years before, giving out that he was going abroad for pleasure—the pleasure, scandal mongers had it, being that peculiarly immoral delight which some men find in the evasion of clamorous and insistent creditors.

He had done himself fairly well, had Colin Hartington, in the three years that lay between his coming of age and his abrupt departure from England. He had done a little—a very little—work; made a little love, and spent a little money—the little, in this last case, being all that had been left him by the noble too wealthy gentleman who had had the honor of being his father.

Abroad he had worked. Lacking the means to pursue an enjoyable idleness—and there are few things more costly—he turned to the cultivation of the gifts he unquestionably possessed, but which he seemed to prefer in their latent condition. He had sent his work home, in value, and in four short years brought him enough fame to turn the head of any ordinary young man of twenty-seven. But, then, Colin was not an ordinary young man, and success left him cool and unchanged.

In a measure, perhaps, it straightened out that moral obliquity of his touching his debts—but only in a measure. Some of the larger ones he forgot—if, indeed, we may be allowed to use the term where accident had no part. And so it happened that a few of his creditors, who hailed his triumphs and his homecoming as the heralds of a settlement, discovered that they had run before their horse to market.

Some went the length of bearing him with their claims, but he wriggled and slipped through their hands just as he wriggled and slipped through everything else that was unpleasant.

He was sorry—there were at times tears in his voice when he protested it—he was desperately sorry for the inconvenience they might be suffering, but he besought them—and here his accents would grow seductive as a siren's—to give him time. He had nothing to speak of, and if they pressed him they would only disgrace him to no purpose; while if they waited until he should have earned something he would satisfy them. Fame was his, in the wake of Fame, Fortune has it, times been known to journey. Let them give him a chance, and they would see. He was not quite specific concerning what they would see, and the last thing they thought themselves likely to see was their money, but—realizing perhaps how feeble a reed is the law for the creditor—they consented to wait.

And while those poor creditors waited Colin Hartington spent his not inconsiderable earnings with that jovial recklessness characteristic of his happy-go-lucky nature.

How long this atrocious state of things might have prevailed but for the intervention of Mary Escott there is no saying with any degree of certainty, though—by basing a presumption of the future upon our knowledge of Colin's past—we might hazard a guess that it would have prevailed until a second flitting from England became imperative.

She, however, was destined to work his metamorphosis, arresting his progress along the road of unconscious dishonesty that leads to perdition in the abstract and the county court in the concrete.

In the years of his adolescence Colin had been very fond of Mary. There had been certain tender passages between them, and the budding of a love which Colin's financial shortcomings had cruelly nipped. Abroad he learned that she had married. At the news he had sighed prettily, and smiled with fond retrospective amusement—for he had known one or two other, and even greater, passions since that which Mary had inspired.

Later, he had heard that her husband was dead, and this time he had sighed perfunctorily and without smiling, believing himself genuinely affected by the mental picture he drew of her widowhood. Thereafter he had forgotten her, which platitude mongering cynics tell us, is human nature's vile way.

And now of a sudden he came face to face with her again. It was at a regimental ball in his native town of Stollbridge, and the colonel's wife had hustled him across and presented him as the lion of the hour. They had smiled upon each other the quiet smile, fraught with never so little sadness, of souls stripped of their illusions.

dance card with a clumsiness that would never have led you to suspect that things he wrote were worth something like sixpence a word.

Then he looked at her intently for a moment and—"Molly," he whispered, "how beautiful you have grown!"

The genuineness of his accents robbed the words of all vestige of impertinence.

"Colin," she mocked back, "how clever you have become!" And they laughed together. "Tell me," she added, "how does it feel to be a lion?"

"One longs for the mouse to come and gnaw the cords, and allow one to get up and stretch one's self."

She knit her brows.

"What an artificial speech!"

"Believe me, it describes an artificial condition."

"Why do you talk like that?"

"Oh, it's expected of me, I suppose, and it expresses exactly what I mean when I refer to the cords that bind one, and the stretching of the limbs so devoutly desired."

"I have read your books, Colin," said she, after a pause.

"Can you see anything in them to justify their existence?"

"I can see you in them, Colin. They reflect you constantly. They sound like you."

He flushed with pleasure.

"No? Do they, though?" Then his voice dropped to a more feeling key.

"Molly, I am glad at last that I wrote them. I never thought very much of my work, but if it served to bring me to your memory it has not been wasted."

His great blue eyes were bent upon her ardently. She laughed, and set herself to sway her fan gently.

"Please don't stare at me like that, Colin," said she. "People are looking at us."

But Colin was not to be repressed. The old feelings that had died four years ago were in course of being resuscitated. Love is a flame difficult to re-ignite where once it had been quenched; but let that re-ignition take place, and its blaze is all consuming.

Colin was realizing this. More fully still did he realize it when, two hours later—toward the close of the evening—he found himself again beside her, in the conservatory, where there were no prying eyes to restrain him and where with impunity he might gaze at her as he listened.

He fed his glance upon the perfect curve of her white throat, the glistening masses of her ebony hair, and in the clear depths of her dark eyes his soul at last was drowned. His hand closed upon her. His fine, foolish young head was bent until he felt her hair upon his cheek.

"Molly," he stammered, "I—I love you."

She moved her head away. The action seemed in the nature of a rebuff, but the soft, seductive laughter that rippled from her lips counteracted what effect it might have had upon hot-headed Colin.

He read in it a challenge, and, answering it, his arm was about her in an instant, and he was seeking to draw her to him. But she broke from his clasp, and pushing him forcibly back, she stood up suddenly. She no longer laughed; she was breathing quickly, and her tone was one of stern rebuke.

"Colin, how could you dare?"

Colin sat morally crushed and defeated where a moment before he had tasted the joyous anticipation of victory. He felt extremely foolish, and for that feeling he was exceedingly annoyed both with himself and with her.

It now became a matter of extricating himself from a position that he felt was decidedly undignified. A retreat, he realized, must be more ignominious still; therefore he determined to push on.

"What have I dared that should offend you?" he demanded in accents of beautifully modulated aggressiveness. "Is it an offense to tell a woman that you love her?"

She made as if to answer, but before she had time he was on his feet close beside her, and speaking very fast.

"There are some things in life that endure as long as life itself, things that we cannot blot out, strive as we may. My love for you, Molly, is one of those things. When, four years ago, I left England, you cannot dream how it hurt me to go from you. But I hoped—I—I don't know what I hoped. Then I heard abroad of your marriage, and I was crushed—broken-hearted, we scribblers call it. Then later came the news of your widowhood, and in my selfishness—for love is an egotist, Molly—I was almost glad of it. Success came to me at last, and, thinking ever of you, I determined to come home and ask you—as I ask you now, Molly—to do me the honor of becoming my wife."

Her attitude during that lengthy address of his had been forbidding in the extreme. But when he brought it to a close with the offer of his hand and name a change seemed suddenly to be wrought in her. She bent toward him, and on her face he might have read surprise and wonder, and some pleasure, too—or perhaps it was amusement. You see, she knew him so very well.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

WEST WILL CONTROL

HOW BANKER VIEWS THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY

ALL THE MATERIALS FOR TREMENDOUS ENTERPRISES—HAWAII CAN FURNISH THE NEEDED SUGAR.

New York, Sept. 15.—Western bankers carried the floor at today's session of the convention of the American Bankers' Association. The principal speakers were James K. Wilson, president of the San Francisco National Bank; A. K. Frame, president of the Waukesha National Bank of Waukesha, Wis.; W. C. Robinson, president of the First National Bank of Winfield, Kan., and Eugene E. Prussing of Chicago. A feature of the day was the "call of sections—North, South, East and West," which brought forth five-minute statements by bankers on the encouraging conditions of business in the various parts of the country from which they came. Mr. Wilson spoke in part as follows:

"The West is going to be the big end of the country. Many of you have seen it and are therefore more or less familiar with its size and resources. Excluding for a moment the Territory of Hawaii and the Territory of Alaska, the West, as recognized in the last census report, consists of nine States and two Territories. While this section comprises only 29 per cent of the number of States and less than one-third of the Territories, they have been organized on such a grand scale that they include about 49 per cent of the whole land area of the United States.

"It would be difficult to select an equal area of opportunity in any other part of our prosperous country. The three primary sources of wealth—agriculture, mining and manufacture—are in a fine state of development, and capable of much future expansion. This area embraces all grades of climate, and there is hardly a product of the soil in any zone but what finds hospitality within our borders. We are the producers of all kinds of grain and fruit in abundance. We can supply the whole country with all the raisins and wine it can consume. If we include Hawaii we have cane sugar plantations under the most intelligent cultivation of any in the world and capable of furnishing 400,000 tons per annum.

"In the line of manufactures great progress has been made. A shipyard that can turn out such notable vessels as the Olympia, the Oregon and the Chitose in the Japanese service, which recently overhauled and destroyed the Novik, the pride of the Russian navy, is only a single illustration of what has been and what can be done in manufactures. The discovery of fuel oil in abundance has not only been a great help to manufactures, but also to the transportation interests centered in the West.

"The present conditions in the West are causing no uneasiness. Some of the crops in some parts are not as large as usual, but better prices are being realized, which, as a rule, fully offset any deficiency in volume. It is probable that a lessened growth of grain will be sent on the long voyage to Europe, which mitigates to some extent against the interest of shipowners, but that misfortune falls on non-residents."

Immediately after the adjournment the nominating committee of State delegates and the nominating committee at large met and nominated their candidates for tomorrow's election. The committee at large nominated the following candidates: For president, E. F. Swinney, president of the First National Bank of Kansas City; vice-president, John L. Hamilton, Hoopston, Ill.

FLOOD OF WAR RUMORS.

London, Sept. 23.—Various unfounded rumors have reached London that the Vladivostok cruisers have sailed out; that Lieutenant General Stoessel has made a counter attack and recaptured a fort from the Japanese; that Madame Stoessel was wounded in the shoulder while attending wounded soldiers at Port Arthur; that the Russians are leaving Mukden, etc., but the reliable news has been received here.

Bennett Burleigh wires from Tokio to the Daily Telegraph, denying that the Russians destroyed the railway bridge at Liaoyang. He says that only the woodwork was burned and that the steel girders are intact. He adds that the Russians hardly damaged the railway between Dalny and Liaoyang.

The Daily Telegraph's Tientsin correspondent reports bodies of Russian cavalrymen at Pakoman, a rich district across the Liao River, west of Tie Pass.

"For Sale" cards at Bulletin office.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BALLASTING.

Hawaiian-Japanese Ballasting Co.—Best black sand from \$3 to \$5 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 826. Telephone Main 396.

CLEANING AND DYEING.

T. Hayashi—Clothes cleaned, repaired and dyed. 637 Beretania St.

MESSAGE.

S. Ochial, removed to Beretania St. near Maunakea. 2831

MESSENGERS.

Territorial Messenger Service—Union St. near Hotel; Tel. 361 Main.

MUSIC.

Mr. Jas. Sheridan has opened a repairing shop at 1168 Miller St. cor Beretania. Charges reasonable. A number of second-hand pianos in good condition, cheap. Orders may be left at Haw'n, News Co.

Mrs. Anna B. Tucker—Teacher of Piano and Voice. High School grounds, Emma St.

"For Sale" cards at Bulletin office.

Books, Bookish People and Things

We get no good by being ungenerous even to a book.

E. B. Browning.

We hear so much about the strenuous life even here, the necessity of constant action; we are so wrought up to a pitch; we turn and twist and whirl and whisk about our little affairs to such a degree that it is pleasant to read what Dr. Hobart Clark says in "Martha and Mary" ("Christian Register," Sept. 1). We cannot copy all he says, but here and there are a few words:

"What most people need today is not the will to do nor the energy to do their share of the world's work. They need rather the will and the energy to stop sometimes, and to think what they are doing and why they are doing it. Many good people, many of the best and most useful people, complain, and not without reason, of a life of drudgery. But what is drudgery? It is simply work without thought; labor without inspiration. It was, I believe, the editor of the London Times who once approved the common habit of settling things first and understanding them afterward. We have become so accustomed to the feverish rush and tear and hurry of modern life that many people have come to think the only way of getting things done, either in public or private life, is to act first and think afterward. . . . No doubt most people have to submit to a great deal of hard disagreeable, necessary drudgery. But in addition to that many do submit to a great deal that is absolutely unnecessary just because they allow themselves to be rushed and driven, and so do not put thought and sentiment into their work; or, in other words, because they believe things to be so much more important than thoughts, because, like Martha, they magnify the externals of life so much as to lose all sense of its finer possibilities and its deeper realities."

We are in receipt of "A Little Garrison," by Lieutenant Bilse, which we have referred to in a previous issue of The Bulletin. We shall review the work in a few days. The book is called "A Realistic Novel of the German Army Life of Today." The author works under two names, Lt. Bilse and Fritz Von Der Kyrburg, and his translator is Wolf Von Schierbrand, the well known author of "Germany: The Welding of a World Power."

The publishers, The Frederick A. Stokes Co., says: "The novel that upset the German Army and caused an international sensation. That the story of German army life, which is told in the form of a realistic novel, went home to the soul of the German people is proved by the fact that within a couple of weeks after its publication more than 100,000 copies had been sold! Lt. Bilse's book has caused the theme of heated debates in the Reichstag, and the Kaiser himself was forced to take notice of it. That the book is an epoch-making one cannot be denied. Columns and in some cases pages about the book have been published in the New York World, Times and Herald and other leading papers throughout the country."

The New York Times says of the book: "Lt. Bilse is famous. Germany is quivering with indignation; all the world is reading the book now."

Mr. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," is to lecture in the United States during the coming winter under the J. B. Pond Lecture Bureau.

Some children wrote to Mr. Jacob Rils and asked him if there was a real Santa Claus. Mr. Rils appreciated the implied trust in his truthfulness and has answered the question by a new book called "Is There a Santa Claus?"

We have no doubt the children will be satisfied with the answer.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, well known in Hawaii, has written a new book entitled "The Island of Tranquil Delights," a book after the style of "South Sea Idylls." Messrs. H. B. Turner & Co. will issue the work. Mr. Stoddard has been very ill but is now convalescent. He has given up his professorship, and will devote himself to literary work, which is his natural calling.

Francis Lynde, author of "The Graters," takes his exercise by building a stone wall. He works "stripped to an undershirt, mortared trousers, lime eaten shoes, a battered old hat, an Irishman's clay pipe with the stem broken off." In this attire he was caught the other day by some enthusiastic girls who came to worship the writer. They were disappointed. In going they were heard to say: "My goodness! How positively dreadful! And he wrote that lovely book!"

Even F. Marion Crawford has been on his Sorrento farm for several months. But he did something else besides rusticate—he wrote "Whosoever Shall Offend," a story with the scene laid in Rome and Sicily.

I could go on telling of men and women who spend their summer days in this way. But while the practice is of the best, the fact that men will do it now is no longer new. The thing has become a fad. Everybody who has a place goes to it—if he can; writers, lawyers, storekeepers, clerks, anybody. And those who follow the fad because it is a fad, will soon give it up for another, while the sincere lover of nature will never change for any fashion whatsoever.

Those who followed a mere inclination, and were leaders, like Tolstol, Burroughs, Lummis and others, are no doubt pleased to see the crowd being so sensibly fashionable.

The Bulletin Bookman (as well probably as hundreds of other mere every day workers who have no chance to tell it) feel rather glad that he has always wanted to get away into the woods; that he began hoeing potatoes, building walls and chopping wood long before it was The Thing; and that he likes it better now than when he began it twenty years ago.

Christian Science. Is it Christian? Is it scientific? This is the subject of Mary Platt Parmelee's clever book, which will be issued by J. F. Taylor & Co. early in September.

The claims and benefits of Christian Science, as well as the limitations and errors, are examined carefully and discussed dispassionately in this admirable book. It is a small volume, and it will not take long to grasp Mrs. Parmelee's argument, for her style is so clear and concise and the subject matter so full of interest that the book will be found delightful to read.

The new and cheaper edition of Mr. Rils' autobiography, "The Making of an American," will appear next month. The volume will contain all the pictures, as well as all the good stories, in the original edition.

Curriculum of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco. Ninth Session, 1904-1905. Dr. Winslow Anderson, president; Dr. D. A. Hodghead, Dean; Market and Seventh Sts., San Francisco.

All communications, books and periodicals for this department should be sent to the "Bulletin Bookman," Honolulu, North Kona, T. H.

Situation in Wisconsin Before Court Decision

Madison, Wis., Sept. 27.—Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Taggart are both exercising a pause in Wisconsin. The Republican factional fight in the State has brought the national campaign, so far as influenced by both national committees, to this extraordinary pass. To date there has been absolutely nothing doing here. And this in the face of some spirited editorials in Democratic newspapers that do not reflect the opinion of somebody, labeling her thirteen representatives in the electoral college as "Wisconsin's vital vote."

Of course this is not, but nobody who knows him will suppose that Mr. Roosevelt, at least, views the inane spectacle with patience.

It is this way—supposing you have not noted it before: What the national committees have to do in prosecuting their campaign in each State they do through the State central committees. In Wisconsin there are two Republican State central committees and it remains to be determined which is "the" central committee. Each represents such a following as to enlist Mr. Cortelyou's profound respect. And without regard to that there are rules of propriety that must be observed, even in politics, and, seeing that the matter is in court, there was nothing else to do save to do nothing. The case was submitted by the so-called Stalwarts and the issue joined by the so-called Halfbreeds and the Supreme Court is due to render judgment tomorrow.

Question To Be Decided.

The decision will say which of the two factions is "regular," is entitled to the name of "Republican" and may take precedence on the big Australian ballot. Mr. Cortelyou will then know with which chairman he shall deal, and to the address given will be assigned such a prize lot of spellbinders and such tons of literature as will keep the political digestion sizzling to assimilate between that and election day.

But the decision will by no means clear up the situation in this ready fashion. It all depends, S. A. Cook, who is the nominee for Governor on the Stalwart ticket, has announced that he will abide by the judgment of the court and if the convention that nominated him was not the "regular" Republican convention he will retire. The chairman of the Stalwart committee has said that such action on Mr. Cook's part would not end the matter, but would necessitate the committee filling the vacancy, as the convention gave it power to do—but there are not many who believe this.

On the other hand should the court say that the Stalwart convention was the thing, as the Republican National convention said it was, nobody believes that it would have the slightest effect on the campaign of Governor La Follette, except to cause him to hustle a little more. This, of course, adds immensely to the interest in the decision.

Weekly Edition of the Bulletin, \$1 per year.

Professor's Daughter Pulled Out Of Bed

Urbana, Ill., Sept. 22.—That the University of Illinois sophomores on a nocturnal raid seeking freshmen candidates for hazing purposes invaded the home of Professor Morgan Brooks of the university faculty and hauled his young daughter out of bed by mistake, is the latest report here regarding the hazing troubles at the State school. According to the report the invaders effected an entrance at the home and ran upstairs seeking a freshman who roomed in the house. They tried the young woman's room and started to pull her out of bed before her startled screams apprised them of the fact that they had made a grave mistake.

Detectives from Chicago are making an investigation of the affair, and the father intends to prosecute the offenders if the sleuths are successful in finding the identity of the invaders.

It is unofficially announced that at least five sophomore hazers will be expelled from the university, and there is much trembling and quaking on the part of those who have been playing the midnight pranks that frightened the freshmen. The ax may swing over many more, as the faculty is determined to find out the hazers and make stern examples.

Claude Sweet, a student who is in the hospital as the result of hazing, is not dying, but will be able to be out in a week or ten days at the most.

RECORD TRAIN TRIP.

Chicago, Sept. 23.—To save a \$250,000 contract, F. M. Pease of the Chicago Car and Locomotive Works broke all records on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between Philadelphia and Chicago, in a special train that arrived here this morning. With the train drawn by the latest and most powerful of Pennsylvania locomotives and consisting of one Pullman sleeping car and a combination day car, the 822 miles between the cities were traversed in just seventeen hours and fifty-seven minutes—two hours and forty-seven minutes quicker than the trip is made by the railroad company's fastest train, "The Limited."

It cost Pease \$1,664 to make the trip, exclusive of meals and tips, but he accomplished his purpose and closed a big contract.

A mile a minute was slow for the easy grades to Harrisburg. The long climb west of Duncannon, which did not end until Altoona was passed, was hardly noticed. Pittsburgh expected that the train would arrive somewhere around 1 o'clock. It passed at two minutes after 12 o'clock.

Out on the level country, with fresh engines, the speed was increased to seventy miles an hour, and even seventy-five miles was made on level tangents.